

Warning! Extremely standard disclaimer follows. Paramount owns Star Trek. A. Decker created Star Traks. Not only did I dream of BorgSpace one night, but the many voices inside my head are still talking to me.

Two Much of a Good Thing

Cube #347 hung in a relative motionless state, seven light hours distant from an uncatalogued star system. Embedded in the nebula, the system was typical in its local rarity: an older Type-II G star among the multitudes of younger suns in their final tantrums of birth. The yellow star had several gas giants in close orbit, and one frozen terrestrial well beyond the water zone; a pair of debris bands outlined the orbits of two additional rocky planets which had been torn apart by the tidal pull of their much larger brethren. It was the asteroids which had caught the attention of the sub-collective: old subspace and quantum signatures of warp drives scarred the local space-time fabric.

The consensus, after examining the possibilities, was that the sign represented an abandoned mining operation and the remnants of a major shipping lane. No signals of sentient origin remained, but heavy space industry was usually a materially wasteful enterprise. There would be discarded machinery and data to be found farther in; in fact, the most sensitive medium-range sensors of the grid were resolving prospects to examine. The antiquated signs were of species #8511. Distant starlight momentarily gleamed off menacing black edges as the cube spun slightly to present face #3 forward, then proceeded into the system at conventional warp.

Several minutes later, as Cube #347 passed through the diffuse cometary halo of Kipling objects four light hours distant of the primary, the ship fell out of warp. The stop was not expected. Inertia dampeners can only handle so much stress; and that threshold was reached, and then some. Objects went flying everywhere.

{Who did that?} yelled Captain into the nets. Even as he picked himself up from the base of the wall he had been flung against, he was running his mind among the propulsion systems, looking for the answer. None was forthcoming...if anything, it appeared the emergency stop had been caused by an exterior force.

Damage reports began to be loaded into the intranets, mostly by the engineering hierarchy and computer consulting on diagnostics. Minor damage overall was the general impression, although Bulk Cargo Hold #2 and #5 were a mess of raw supplies and spare parts. Power systems momentarily fluctuated as Delta meshed Auxiliary Core #1 into the power grid to take the slack as the main core dropped in its efficiency values. Elsewhere, Doctor roused from regeneration as his services were called upon by a suddenly swamped maintenance hierarchy.

The thrusters along one cube face flared, dark violet flames unseen against the backdrop of black. Those codes did not come from an exterior entity, but from Weapons. Captain immediately cut the head of the weaponry hierarchy out of propulsion, throttling the thrusters back to their normal station-keeping function. {And what was that for? Stay out of the engine pathways. You have no jurisdiction except in battle, and even that is subject to the oversight of command and control.}

{We have been attacked! That is plenty of reason!}

{Attack? Where? I see no ships, no mines, no /sign/ of sentient beings being present for at least two decades.} Captain pointedly referred Weapons to the relevant sensor data, devoid of imminent attack.

{We must be prepared when the invisible ones strike again. We are exposed here.}
{Weapons...} began an exasperated Captain as he once more fended off a half-hearted, paranoia-driven attempt by the other to activate thrusters. Before the primary consensus monitor and facilitator of Cube #347 could continue, a series of photonic flares were fired, bright white light bathing swathes of the ship's faces in blinding brilliance.

{Sensors!} yelled both Captain and Weapons as one. Weapons was upset as /his/ bailiwick was imposed upon; Captain startled as the normally quiet insectoid uncharacteristically ran command codes along pathways not of her hierarchy. A reply swiftly returned.

{Sensors say quiet. We are busy [digesting] the data we have acquired.} Three second pause as protestations were voiced. {This hierarchy is now done. This cube is definitely stuck.}

{Stuck?} That was the last thing Captain expected Sensors to say. Weapons continued to rant, but was ignored. {What do you mean, stuck?}

{This cube is stuck in a [muddle] of monofilament high-tensile carbon-alloy fiber. Unknown what or where the metasupport is, but the [crud] is wrapped around our hull.} A series of pictures were supplied, odd hues proclaiming a false color shot of multitudes of black lines crisscrossing the skin of the ship. {It [fished] us out of warp; it is doubtful we will be able to [rip] out of its grasp. Preliminary conjecture, correlated to location, places the function of the web as a [capture mechanism] of [purple] comets dislodged by the gas giants. Of course, it is unknown how or why such a trap should extend out of the physical plane to intersect in the [metarealities] of warp drive.} A long pause, then, {Sensors on the hull detect odd power [swooshes] along the strands and the inclusion of several [unreal] components into the carbon-alloy, but without physical analysis, further [jumping] cannot be determined.}

{Stuck,} repeated Captain. Weapons was silent as well. {Delta, we...}

{...want this hierarchy to go cut us out of the mess. Understood.} Delta began to order lists of supplies and a rotation order for drones to begin the monumental task of extraction.

17 of 230 swore as the plasma torch not only did not cut the nearly invisible monofilament (visible only under bright white light with a specific polarization of optical implant), but melted the hull underneath. A small vent for excess waste gasses was punctured, causing a hiss of high-pressured sulfur-dioxin to escape. Although the pipe was soldered closed seconds later, the puff of gas was enough to knock the welder out of alignment. 17 of 230 swore louder as part of her prosthetic limb was sliced off.

The scene was similar, minus the accident, all over the surface of Cube #347. As 17 of 230 transported to a maintenance bay for repairs, another drone took her place, this one with a different cutting implement. Everything was transpiring to be useless: the monofilament line was impossible to break or burn.

As the futile removal process continued, alternate plans were under discussion. A detailed examination of the carbon lattices of the filament were complete, which subsequently revealed a possible weakness in the material. The simple course of electrifying the hull, then adjusting the power frequency to a specific, but currently unknown waveform, would theoretically shatter the web when a sympathetic harmonic resonance was reached. Delicate application of force...it was unnatural.

Drones happily abandoned their tasks on the hull, transporting en masse to their alcoves or interior assignment areas. Members of the engineering hierarchy began to reroute sections of the internal energy grid to allow a pathway for Auxiliary Cores #4 and #7 to electrify the cube exterior. Less than an hour of the type of intense self-maintenance only a Borg ship can perform,

all was ready.

Delta winced as she allowed herself to sink more fully into a melding of mind and purpose with Sensors; the two hierarchies were required to work closely in order for frequencies to be adjusted appropriately. Readiness was sent to Captain.

{Well, then get us out of here. We still need to check the interior of this system.}

Delta activated the feeds from the two auxiliary cores, allowing a small proportion of their combined power to flow along conduits and wires and crackle over the hull. Sensors monitored the minute vibrations of bonds along the filaments, indicating vibrational pattern changes as energetic frequencies cycled up and down the scale. Finally a specific frequency was hit.

{Sensors say up the [juice]: the strand's bonds are weakening.} Delta obliged. The might of two very powerful cores surged along the hull.

The universe shattered before the web did.

The universe resolved itself, points of light against a backdrop of velvet, multitudes of frequencies filling the ether with static, subtle supraspace ripples defining the structure of reality. The sub-collective of Cube #347 came out of its shock, reaching instinctively for the Collective, but was rebuffed by vicious eddies in fractal subspace. The Collective was just beyond reach, just on the other side of the wall, a muffled conversation of garbled words and thoughts.

Replay: The universe resolved itself, points of light against a backdrop of velvet, multitudes of frequencies filling the ether with static, subtle supraspace ripples defining the structure of reality. Captain picked himself off the floor, looking around in confusion. Conventional systems were obviously malfunctioning, as evidenced by the fact more than the normal number of crew utilizing the primary dataspace systems instead of the jury-rigged assemblages which bypassed Borg hardware. Captain orientated himself, reached to tap on a communication display, then yelled, "Captain to Delta, what the hell happened?"

Something was wrong. Pull back, look at the scene in its entirety...

Two identical cubes floated near each other, separated by half a kilometer. Strands of a nearly unseen black webbing connected the ships, remnants of a surge of eta radiation pulsing weakly along carbon-alloy bonds. Both cubes, still in the process of restoring critical systems, had not seen the other; and a boiling cauldron of local subspace on the fractal frequencies employed by the Borg froze attempts to reestablish contact with the Greater Consciousness. One cube, call it Cube #347A, was a study in pure Borg efficiency; the second cube, call it Cube #347B, cranked up the stereo.

"Lucy in the sky with diamonds...." The psychedelic, nonsense refrain echoed in the hallways and catwalks. The fact that the song was not being sung in its native language did not help the exotic imagery. Approximately six hundred voices joined the chorus.

Cube #347A-

The Collective could not be reached. That was a very disconcerting realization, but not immediately crucial. The sub-collective would survive, the sub-collective would adapt. Unacceptable degradation of power systems was already being rectified, one thousand fifty-three drone components completing repairs. Time to optimum efficiency: twenty-six minutes.

Sensor information indicated the attempt to remove the carbon filament webbing was unsuccessful. Reason for failure: unknown. Action to take: to be determined after additional local archive search for adaptable assimilated technology.

Anomaly detected. Finalized completion of the sensor grid restoration and subsequent resetting of protocols showed a second Borg cube with identical transwarp core signature 0.54 kilometers off face #2. Examine software code for corruption and selectively reboot sensory pathways. Cube still present. Initiate contact procedures. Perhaps the other sub-collective had a connection with the Collective?

Cube #347B-

Eight bodies gathered in Captain's nodal intersection, which was currently decorated in a tasteful array of black and yellow. Although several posters of infamous starships had slipped off the wall, overall the area appeared relatively unscathed. The department heads impatiently waited to speak, desiring strongly to be elsewhere.

Weapons opened with "Nothing important among weaponry is broken, can I go now?"

"No," stated Captain. "Delta, you are next."

Delta frowned, both of her. "Engineering is proceeding as fast as can be expected. Might be done in a couple of hours, maybe not. Damage is not extensive enough to warrant the general regeneration system."

Second sighed, "Good. I hate having bits of the ship repair themselves while I watch. Just not natural."

"I'm with Weapons on this one, much as I hate to admit. Can I go now? I need to take my anti-depressants. Not like assimilation systems are necessary in this particular piece of nowhere," came from Assimilation.

Captain shook his head, "No, you may not go either until this meeting is done. Sensors, you are fairly important...have you anything to report?"

Sensors had been quietly singing along to the unobtrusive background music of "Magic Carpet Ride," clicking and rasping untranslatable sounds of her native species. She rose up higher on her four walking legs as she noticed she was being addressed. "Sensor grids are coming back on-line." Pause. Sensors was among the few in the cube that actively spent most of her time manipulating controls directly within the dataspace instead of using manual or spoken commands. She appeared to be accessing current grid data. "Hey! Sensors sees another cube exactly like ours off face #4."

Captain blinked, then called for the computer to display the view on the screen hung on the opposite bulkhead. The multicolored zigzag patterns dissolved to the scene of an Exploratory-class Borg cube. Before comments on the phenomenon could be made, a presence forced itself into the minds of all the drones of Cube #347.

Confusion, on both accounts. Cube #347A was perplexed...the other cube was only weakly acknowledging the request for a link. Meanwhile, Cube #347B was arguing about the meaning of the other ship, too busy in their own concerns to respond. Finally the first sub-collective took matters into its own, running commands along curiously disused pathways.

<< Acknowledge. Respond. Identify. >>

Captain reeled as if hit, forced to answer using the same protocol. {I am Captain of Exploratory-class Borg Cube #347.}

<< Negative. We are Cube #347. >>

{I don't think so. This is Cube #347. Has been, always will be,} returned Captain.

<< Unacceptable. We are Cube #347. >>

{Are not.}

<< Are too. >>

{Are not.}

<< Are too. >>

{Are too.}

<< Yes, are too. >>

"Damn it," said Captain. "That didn't work. Computer! Change the music!" The strains of "Yellow Submarine" rang out over the intercom system. "You, you, you...heck...all of you, see if you can figure out what is going on. Second, I want you here." Each of the drones shouted over the song for the computer to transport them to different sections of the ship until only Captain and Second were left.

Cube #347A paused as unusual sounds - music - suddenly began to play over the link. It was highly irrelevant, yet at the same time quite catchy. The sub-collective could not quite wrap its thought processes around words that when taken singly made sense, but when strung together as the song was doing were not understandable. One voice of the many, however, offered understanding; however, the drone of species #6766, designated 1 of 3, could not adequately relate the significance.

The rogue mentality was quickly suppressed.

"Sensors has always liked this song," called Sensors within Cube #347B, speaking to Captain and Second over the intercom. "It exemplifies the purpose of the universe very well."

"I was under the impression it described one species' experience with chemical addiction," said Second as he tapped a few buttons on a column.

"No, it is more than that. Sensors thinks the composition is a masterpiece explaining the nature of metaphysical reality and the greater Song. Oh yes, scans indicate that cube is a near perfect replica of ours...except it exhibits an opposite polarization of the green fuzz lemon cabinets."

"The what?" asked in Captain in confusion.

"You know, the purple hydrangeas of salty asteroid basalts."

Captain smacked the side of his head, trying for manual adjustments of his implants.

"Come again?"

A sigh. "Orange beef jerky rugs!"

"That /almost/ made sense. Send the information to this viewscreen; maybe a visual will help."

Cube #347A digested the data from intense sweeps of the sensor grid, dissecting wave patterns at the sub-atomic level. If fundamental sub-atomic polarizations were compared, there was a one-eighty degree discrepancy in the vibrational frequencies between the twin and self; and both signatures were ninety degrees out of alignment with nearby matter. It was almost as if neither cube belonged in the current universe. Preposterous! The sub-collective held a clear memory record of the events leading up the arrival of the "twin." Mostly clear. A diagnostic of storage code and physical examination of biological and computational components did not indicate corruption.

<< We do not have a link with the Collective. We will merge our computational resources and determine the best way to contact the Greater Consciousness. We will then determine the meaning behind these sensor readings and extract ourselves from this carbon filament comet trap. >> A compressed packet of data was sent, along with a feeling of

expectation and impatience.

Captain winced as the voice shoved into his mind. Whatever consensus structure that other sub-collective used, it had obviously decided he was the primary node through which communications and facilitatory management occurred; i.e. the main biological central processor.

"Get out of my mind! Out, out, out, out!" shouted Captain. Second jumped, visibly startled at the unexpected outcry.

"I'm not in your mind. You specifically said at the beginning of your tenure that you would personally revoke entertainment privileges if anyone did that without your permission. And I like my entertainment."

"No, no, no, no, no...not you...that other sub-collective! Get. Out. Of. My. Head. If you want to talk, use subspace." Captain was now waving his limbs up and down. A poster, thus far intact, lost its grip on the bulkhead and fluttered to the deck.

A speaker popped to life. "This is inefficient. You can not be Borg. You must be assimilated." The Collective Voice dripped menace.

"Been there, did that, have the implanted hardware to prove it. Probe all you like through the systems of this cube, just stay out of my mind. Slow down and chill out. Everything will work out in the end." Captain felt as the other cube moved through the common storage areas, ransacking travel logs and other stored memories. "Satisfied?"

Voice: "What is that noise?"

Second answered without looking up from his terminal display, "Sergeant Pepper."

Silence.

The biological components of Cube #347A were close to losing unity. There was something fundamentally wrong with the other sub-collective, it was opposite of all that Borg strived to become. It was individualistic, it was argumentative, it was inefficient, it was not One. It was also affecting the mental interactions between drones.

1 of 3 was again trying to offer the meaning behind the words of the music the sub-collective could not block. As long as a link was maintained with the twin, the twisted harmonics would continue. Horrendously, it was becoming increasingly difficult for the sub-collective to halt the internal conflicts; with effort, however, it was possible. Cube #347A did so.

One victory had been won: Cube #347A would speak to its twin in an efficient manner. Ship to ship would not be accomplished by subspace radio, no matter how much the other complained, but would be within the dataspaces, as was proper. Cube #347A could only be pushed so far by the cantankerous twin and the facilitator illogically designated as Captain (there was a proper numerical designation, but the drone /refused/ to answer to it). In addition, as the twin refused to concede it was not Cube #347, an A and B subdesignation had been assigned.

Still...assimilation imperfection was known, but this extreme was too much for Cube #347A to bear. The flawed drones should have been terminated; they were no better than unassimilated individuals. The records about assimilation imperfection were oddly sparse; and the cube which the drones were supposed to be concentrated on was not among the data. More suspiciously selective corruption of data? Negative. Other matters beckoned.

<< Cube #347B, the task of Cube #347A is complete. Carbon-alloy microfilament structure of the webbing consists of the following inclusions... >>

Captain listened as a long list of metallic and quasi-metallic elements were listed. He ahemed, then spoke aloud. The words were automatically sent into the Borg link, "We already know that. This crew is not stupid, you know. There /is/ a sensor grid included among the

options of the Exploratory-class cube, along with anti-inertia brakes and multi-spectral phasers."

The Voice of Cube #347A abruptly halted, then continued, << The purpose of the web, interpolated by position and probable extent, appears to be to intercept infalling debris along the equatorial plane of this system. Energy is then occasionally pulsed along the filaments, which cause captured objects to be sundered to constitute atoms. >> A particle distribution curve of the area near the webbing was received, with an elevated concentration of cometary matter evident.

"So what? We know that too! You were supposed to give options to get out of this mess, not speculate about the composition and use of the tech. Where is Borg efficiency now?"

<< We are doing this because you have /no/ efficiency. The background is important for it is the reason behind this dilemma. Residue transwarp core signatures indicates a previous attempt at escape, which is consistent with ship logs and memory. That energy build-up caused this twinning. Postulation at 85% surety concludes a single Cube #347 trying to break loose is the cause. >>

Captain and Second looked at each other, the shared glance speaking volumes more than a similar exchange verbally or within the dreaded dataspace. Second spoke, "Oh high-and-mighty epitome of Borg Oneness, prey tell why our atoms aren't mingling among the comet bits?"

<< Sarcasm is irrelevant. Eta radiation in this nebula is oddly polarized, slightly altering reality constants. Somewhere in Cube #347B there is Borg neuroprocessing, you figure it out. >> Cube #347A, appalled with itself, began to a self-diagnostic. The snide return had just popped out, uncontrolled. The diagnostic discovered thirty-two rogue mentalities, each of which were subsequently returned to their alcoves and sent into long-term stasis.

Not one to back down from a challenge, Captain painfully roped those drones that were nominally part of the so-called "command and control" hierarchy into service. Amid the complaints an answer emerged. "Odds are approximately one hundred million eighty-two thousand to one against." Pause. "Why the hell does all the improbable crap of the universe decide to happen to this cube?"

Second said, "Because that way the vast majority of beings can therefore be allowed to lead normal, boring lives."

"I didn't ask you, Second." Captain glared over at the other drone, who was still engrossed in a job involving much tapping of console buttons. The silence of a smirk was the answer.

<< Correct. The energy released by the equivalent of two Borg transwarp engine cores surged along the webbing, which in return concentrated local eta radiation as the spike encountered tritanium-duralloy hull armor instead of the comets for which the system had been designed. Probabilities warped and you came into existence. >>

"Wait a minute...you could be the twin for us."

<< Highly unlikely. >>

Another voice inserted itself into the discussion. It was Sensors. The current music selection faded out, to be replaced by "Age of Aquarius." Utilizing the dataspace directly, Sensors spoke, {Neither of these cubes belong. Sensors notes that the sub-atomic [polka-dot pinwheels] of the two cubes is out of [alignment] with the surrounding universe. Sensors says that the term "twin" is not a wholly accurate description, except at the physical level. A better [description] may be "diametrically opposing personalities", but Sensors would [dawdle] to use that exact phrase.}

A distant utterance originated along the link maintained to Cube #347A, the signature

eerily alike to Sensors. {This drone agrees. And excellent music selection; you have perfect [philosophical taste].} Cube #347A broke into an extended argument with itself. In the end, fifty-seven additional drones, including 1 of 3, was sent into stasis. Order was restored, for the moment.

{Sensors remembers the sub-collective of Cube #347A [trumpeting] it could not contact the Collective,} said Sensors. {That inability will continue until we have been [collapsed] into each other.}

Neither Captain, nor Cube #347A for that matter, were listening to Sensors.

<< We do /not/ have a psychological component so inefficient as that represented by Cube #347B. >>

"And I'm sure I don't have any part of myself that is such a type-A, prissy, by-the-Borg-book part in my personality either. None in this sub-collective do."

<< Then we agree. We will escape from this comet trap, collapse our sub-atomic polarities back to a normal orientation, and then reestablish contact to the Collective as proper Borg. >>

Captain nodded, more to himself than anything else. "Except this sub-collective is the true template. Lighten up a bit and face reality. Now, I remember part of your task was figure out how to extract us from this mess. Did you forget? Let's hear the options."

<< We did not forget. >> A long string of commands was placed in the root processes of the computer system of Cube #347B. For all their psychotic, individualistic attitudes, at their core the drones of Cube #347B were still Borg. The orders had to be obeyed; there was no circumnavigating the compulsion.

"I knew they would do that. I hate it when that happens."

"Shut up, Second. Just shut up." Captain began to enmesh himself into the dataspace, coordinating the sudden rise in activity level.

"Pedal to the metal!" shouted Captain. "Give it all she's got!"

"Output is at its peak. Sensors, what frequencies?" Delta yelled, her voice echoing over the rising scream of Auxiliary Cores #4 and #7.

The reply came in unison from both Cube #347A and Sensors. Delta adjusted the harmonics appropriately. Half a kilometer distant, the twinned sub-collective performed a similar operation. The carbon strands began to vibrate. Potentialities gathered along the webbing, concentrated by the induced eta radiation and shifted into specific polarizations by inclusions of particular metallic alloys.

"Ride 'em cowboy! To the moon!" Captain rudely cut off the current music selection, replacing it with "I Am the Walrus."

<< What moon? What does a Terran walrus have to do with anything? This is highly irrelevant. You should be concentrating on fixing this problem. >>

Captain smirked to himself, grabbing a pair of dark sunglasses from the wall where they hung next to the main viewscreen. He put them on, hooking the back part into the tubes which curled around from the back of his head. As the superstructure of the cube shook, Captain commented to the air, "You know, I have this odd feeling that there is something I've always wanted to say to myself, but never could. Might as well take the opportunity now. Take a chill pill, dude."

<< Chill pills are irr.... >> The remainder of the reply was lost as the subjective universe turned inside out, Captain's maniacal laughter rising above the commotion.

The universe came into focus, distant stars specks of diamond on a drop cloth of black, reality asserting its innate truth. The sub-collective of Cube #347 figuratively shook its head in confusion, much as a canine might stumble awake after a long bout of anesthetic. Reaching instinctively, the sub-collective reestablished distant contact with the Greater Consciousness. For some reason, the procedure to escape the net had momentarily blocked Borg communication frequencies. The latter appeared not to have noticed the absence of Cube #347 as being more abnormal than the normal periodic disappearances.

{Report,} sent Captain into the intranets, moments after the reassuring brush of the Collective. {Damage? Is that junk still on us? Did the harmonics work?}

Odd...chronometers were not matching the time signature of the Borg carrier wave. In fact, several hours appeared to be missing, but there was no local indication that time had been lost. A tangential theory surfaced that a side-effect of the attempt to free the cube might account for the discrepancy between clocks. It was not relevant; chronometers were reset.

{Delta? Sensors?} prompted Captain. Both began to reply at once. Captain sighed, {Delta first.}

In the primary power core area, Delta was quickly scanning displays while listening to internal dialogue by the computer and other engineering members. She replied, scarcely missing a beat, {No major damage. There is minor warping of hull plates, and some power conduits blew after channeling the large amount of energy, but nothing that will affect overall efficiency. All will be repaired within a few hours.}

Sensors surfaced from her perusal of the grid, requesting the weapon hierarchy to lob a few photonic flares over the hull. The incoming data was highly encouraging. {Sensors says that we have broken free of the [trellis]. We are currently inside the mesh. Sensors also believes that her hierarchy can configure the grid to scan for [sewing] as long as the cube stays below half impulse. We should not become inadvertently [tarred] when we leave this system.}

{Good. Do so.} The hierarchies leapt to business, interrupted only by the occasional expected dullard. All was normal. Shortly, Cube #347 was moving inward towards its original goal, feedback from the sensor grid causing mild auditory hallucinations.

Captain reconfigured his optical implant, as he had been doing periodically since he had regained consciousness. Hardware appeared to be functioning properly, and examination of the lighting systems assured him the ambient light levels were illuminating at standard lux values. Still, his perception of the nodal intersection was quite a bit dimmer than usual.

Reaching up a hand to wave it directly in front of his face, Captain encountered something odd physically obstructing his sight. The contraption was set upon his pseudonose and hooked firmly into the small maze of tubes arising out of the back of his skull. Finally the contrivance slid off, allowing familiar light levels to reassert themselves.

In his hand, Captain held a pair of sunglasses. Mildly confused as to where they had come from, not to mention how they had appeared on his face, Captain contemplated them for a few long minutes. Something, some message, some concept, was trying to make itself known, but it was just beyond grasp. Captain shook his head, absently turning to hang the sunglasses on a protrusion next to the viewscreen.